

Sentimental & Literary Magazine.

No. 7, OF VOL. III.] WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1797.

[WHOLE No. 111.]

EXCESSIVE DESIRE OF PRAISE TENDS TO CORRUPT THE HEART, AND TO DISREGARD THE ADMONITIONS OF CONSCIENCE.

AN excessive love of praise never fails to undermine the regard due to conscience, and to corrupt the heart. It turns off the eye of the mind from the ends which it ought chiefly to keep in view; and sets up a false light for its guide. Its influence is the more dangerous, as the colour which it assumes is often fair; and its garb and appearance are nearly allied to that of virtue. The love of glory, I will admit, may give birth to actions which are both splendid and useful. At a distance they strike the eye with uncommon brightness; but on a nearer and stricter survey, their lustre is often tarnished. They are found to want that sacred and venerable dignity which characterises true virtue. Little passions and selfish interests entered into the motives of those who performed them.—They were jealous of a competitor. They sought to humble a rival. They looked round for spectators to admire them. All is magnanimity, generosity, and courage, to public view. But the ignoble source whence these seeming virtues take their rise, is hidden. Without, appears the hero; within, is found the man of dust and clay. Consult such as have been intimately connected with the followers of renown; and seldom or never will you find, that they held them in the same esteem with those who viewed them from afar. There is nothing except simplicity of intention, and purity of principle, that can stand the test of near approach and strict examination.

THAT DISCIPLINE WHICH TEACHES TO MODERATE THE EAGERNESS OF WORLDLY PASSIONS, AND TO FORTIFY THE MIND WITH THE PRINCIPLES OF VIRTUE,

IS MORE CONDUCTIVE TO TRUE HAPPINESS, THAN THE POSSESSION OF ALL THE GOODS OF FORTUNE.

THAT discipline which corrects the eagerness of worldly passions, which fortifies the heart with virtuous principles, which enlightens the mind with useful knowledge, and furnishes to it matter of enjoyment from within itself, is of more consequence to real felicity, than all the provision which we can make of the goods of fortune. To this let us bend our chief attention. Let us keep the heart with all diligence, seeing, out of it are the issues of life. Let us

account our mind the most important province which is committed to our care; and if we cannot rule fortune, study at least to rule ourselves.—Let us propose for our object, not worldly success, which it depends not on us to obtain, but that upright and honourable discharge of our duty in every conjuncture, which through the divine assistance, is always within our power. Let our happiness be sought where our proper praise is found; and that be accounted our only real evil, which is the evil of our nature; not that, which is either the appointment of Providence, or which arises from the evil of others.

READING.

IF the books which you read are your own, mark with a pen, or a pencil, the most considerable things in them which you desire to remember. Thus you may read that book the second time over with half the trouble, by your eye running over the paragraphs which your pencil has noted. It is but a very weak objection against this practice, to say, *I shall spoil my book*; for I persuade myself, that you did not buy it as a bookseller, to sell it again for gain, but as a scholar, to improve your mind by it; and if the mind be improved, your advantage is abundant, though your book yields less money to your executors. This advice of writing, marking, and reviewing your remarks, refers chiefly to those occasional notions you meet with either in reading or in conversation; but when you are directly or professedly pursuing any subject of knowledge in a good system, in your younger years, the system itself is your common-place book, and must be entirely reviewed. The same may be said concerning any treatise which closely, succinctly, and accurately handles any particular theme. LOGIC.

DIRECTIONS CONCERNING OUR IDEAS.

FURNISH yourselves with a rich variety of ideas; acquaint yourselves with things ancient and modern; things natural, civil, and religious; things domestic and national; things of your native land, and of foreign countries; things present, past, and future; and, above all, be well acquainted with God and yourselves; learn animal nature, and the workings of your own spirits. Such a general acquaintance with things will be of very great advantage.

LETTERS

OF A

PERUVIAN PRINCESS:

Translated from the French of

MADAME DE GRAFIGNY:

(Continued from page 43)

LETTER VIII.

To Aza: she is shewn the land.

WHEN a single object unites all our thoughts, my dear Aza, we interest ourselves no farther in events than as we find them assimilated to our own case. If thou wast not the only mover of my soul, could I have passed, as I have just done, from the horror of despair to the most flattering hope? The Cacique had before several times in vain attempted to entice me to that window, which I now cannot look at without shuddering. At last, prevailed on by fresh solicitations, I suffered myself to be conducted to it. Oh, my dear Aza, how well was I recompensed for my complaisance! By an incomprehensible miracle, in making me look through a kind of hollow cane, he shewed me the earth at a distance; whereas, without the help of this wonderful machine, my eyes could not have reached it. At the same time, he made me understand by signs, (which begin to grow familiar to me) that we were going to that land, and that the light of it was the only cause of those rejoicings which I took for a sacrifice to the sun. I was immediately sensible of all the benefit of this discovery; Hope, like a ray of light, glanced directly to the bottom of my heart.

They are certainly carrying me to this land which they have shewn me, and which is evidently a part of thy empire, since the sun there sheds his beneficent rays.* I am no longer in the fetters of the cruel Spaniards: Who then shall hinder my returning under thy laws? Yes, my dear Aza, I go to be reunited to what I love: my love, my reason, my desires, all assure me of it. I fly into thy arms; a torrent of joy overflows my soul; the past is vanished; my misfortunes are ended, they are forgotten: Futurity alone employs me, and is my sole good.

Aza, my dear hope, I have not lost thee; I shall see thy countenance, thy robes, thy shadow, I shall love thee, and tell thee of it with my own mouth: Can any torments efface such a felicity?

LETTER IX.

To Aza: she learns some French names, and repeats other words, without knowing their meaning.

HOW long are the days, my dear Aza, when one computes their passage! Time, like space, is known only by its limits. Our hopes seem to me the hopes of time; if they quit us, or are not distinctly marked, we perceive no more of their duration than of the air which fills the vast expanse. Even since the fatal instant of our separation, my heart and soul, worn with misfortune, continued sunk in

* The Indians know not our hemisphere, and believe that the Sun enlightens only the land of his children.

that total absence, that oblivion which is the horror of nature, the image of nothing: The days passed away without my regarding them, for not a hope fixed my attention to their length. But hope now marks every instant of them; their duration seems to me infinite; and what surprises me most of all is, that, in recovering the tranquility of my spirit, I recover at the same time a facility of thinking. Since my imagination has been opened to joy, a crowd of thoughts present themselves; and employ it even to fatigue: Projects of pleasure and happiness succeed one another alternately; new ideas find an easy reception, and some are even imprinted without my search, and before I perceive it. Within these two days I understand several words of the Cacique's language, which I was not before acquainted with. But they are only terms applicable to objects, not expressive of my thoughts, nor sufficient to make me understand those of others: They give me some lights, however, which were necessary for my satisfaction. I know that the name of the Cacique is Deterville; that of our floating house, a ship; and that of the country we are going to, France.

The latter at first frightened me, as I did not remember to have heard any province of thy kingdom called so: But reflecting on the infinite number of countries under thy dominion, the names of which I have forgot, my fear quickly vanished. Could it long subsist with that solid confidence which the sight of the sun gives me incessantly? No, my dear Aza, that divine luminary enlightens only his children. To doubt this would be criminal in me: I am returning into thy empire; I am on the point of seeing thee; I run to my felicity.

Amidst the transports of my joy, gratitude prepares me a delicious pleasure. Thou wilt load with honour and riches the beneficent Cacique, who shall restore us one to the other: He shall bear into his own country the remembrance of Zilia; the recompence of his virtue shall render him still more virtuous, and his happiness shall be thy glory. Nothing can compare, my dear Aza, to the kindness he shews me. Far from treating me as his slave, he seems to be mine. He is now altogether as complaisant to me, as he was contradictory during my sickness. My person, my inquietudes, my amusements, seem to make up his whole employment, and to engage all his care. I admit his offices with less confusion, since custom and reflection have informed me that I was in an error with regard to the idolatry I suspected him guilty of. Not that he does not continue to repeat much the same demonstrations which I took for worship; but the tone, the air, and manner he makes use of persuade me that it is only a diversion in his country manner.

He begins by making me pronounce distinctly some words in his language, and he knows well that the gods do not speak. As soon as I have repeated after him, *oui, je vous aime*, 'Yes I love you,' or else, *je promets d'être à vous*, 'I promise to be yours,' joy expands over his countenance, he kisses my hands with transport, and with an air of gaiety quite contrary to that gravity which accompanies divine adoration. Easy as I am on the head of religion, I am not quite so with regard to the country from whence he comes. His language and his apparel are so different from ours, that

they sometimes shock my confidence: uneasy reflections sometimes cloud over my dear hope; I pass successively from fear to joy, and from joy to inquietude. Fatigued with the confusion of my thoughts, sick of the uncertainties that torment me, I had resolved to think no more on the subject: But what can abate the anxiety of a soul deprived of all communication, that acts only on itself, and is excited to reflect by such important interests? I cannot express my impatience, my dear Aza; I search for information with an eagerness that devours me, and yet continually find myself in the most profound obscurity. I know that the privation of a sense may in some respects deceive; and yet I see with surprise, that the use of all mine drag me on from error to error. Would the intelligence of tongues be a key to the soul? O my dear Aza, how many grievous truths do I see through my misfortunes! But far from me be these troublesome thoughts: We touch the land; the light of my days shall in a moment dissipate the darkness which surrounds me.

LETTER X.

To Aza: her arrival in France.

I AM at last arrived at this land, the object of my desires: but my dear Aza, I do not yet see any thing that confers the happiness I had promised myself: every object strikes, surprises, astonishes, and leaves on me only a vague impression, and stupid perplexity, which I do no attempt to throw off. My errors destroy my judgment; I remain uncertain, and almost doubt of what I behold. Scarce were we got out of the floating-house, but we entered a town built on the sea-shore. The people, who followed us in crowds, appeared to be of the same nation as the Cacique: and the houses did not at all resemble those of the cities of the Sun: but if these surpass in beauty, by the richness of their ornaments, those are to be preferred, on account of the prodigies with which they are filled. Upon entering the room assigned me by Deterville, my heart leaped: I saw fronting the door, a young person dressed like a virgin of the Sun, and ran to her with open arms. How great was my surprise to find nothing but an impenetrable resistance where I saw a human figure move in a very extended space! Astonishment held me immovable, with my eyes fixed upon this object, when Deterville made me observe his own figure on the side of that which engaged all my attention. I touched him, I spoke to him, and I saw him at the same time very near and very far from me. These prodigies confound reason, and blind the judgment. What ought we to think of the inhabitants of this country? should we fear, or should we love them? I will not take upon me to come to any determination upon so nice a subject. The Cacique made me understand, that the figure which I saw was my own! But what information does that give me? Does it make the wonder less great? Am I the less mortified to find nothing but error and ignorance in my mind? With grief I see it, my dear Aza; the least knowing in this country are wiser than all our Amutas.

The Cacique has given me a young and very sprightly China*, and it affords me great pleasure to see a woman again, and to be served by her. Many others of my sex wait upon me; but I had rather they would let it alone, for their presence awakens my fears. One may see by their manner of looking on me, that they have never been at Cuzcot. However, as my spirit floats continually in a sea of uncertainties, I can judge of nothing. My heart, alone unshaken, desires, expects, waits for one happiness only, without which all the rest is pain and vexation.

* A maid-servant or chambermaid.

† The capital of Peru.

[To be continued.]

ANECDOTES.

THE Athenian History of Antiquity is the most instructive in the world. From the most severe Republicans, the much talked of Athenians became a race of fops, slaves, and sycophants. In the decline of their national character, they sent on a certain occasion, Ambassadors to Philip of Macedon. On their return to Athens, the embassy having succeeded, they were invited to a splendid feast, made by the citizens in return for their diplomatic ability.—At the feast, being questioned about the character and behaviour of the Macedonian monarch, they commended him highly for his comeliness, volubility of tongue, and hard drinking.—“These commendations (said the severe Demosthenes, who was present at the feast) are unworthy of a great man—the two first of these qualifications are more properly applicable to women—and in the last he may be outdone by a sponge.”

LOUIS the Fourteenth was once standing at his parlour window, in a cold bleak morning of January, amusing himself with such objects as occurred in the street. Among others, he took notice of a man who stood fixed at a corner, in a very thin summer dress. Although his whole apparel was not thicker than an eel-skin, the man appeared to bear the inclemency of the weather with as much indifference as if it had been the month of May.—The curiosity of Louis was in a moment interested—He sent his Valet de Chambre down into the street to enquire of the man “how he possibly kept himself from freezing with such a thin dress on?”—“Tell his majesty (said the man) if he puts on all the clothes he has in the world, he will feel just as comfortable as I do, and as safe from freezing.”

A French doctor asked a waterman, whether he might safely go by water over the river? The fellow told him, yes, but the doctor coming to the water-side, and finding it very rough, said, you watermen are the veryest knaves in the world, for to gain sixpence, you care not though you cast a man away. “Sir, said the waterman, we are men of cheaper function, and don’t ask so much for casting men away as you do.”

For the SENTIMENTAL and LITERARY MAGAZINE.

ON THE EDUCATION PROPER FOR THE BAR.

No. 1.

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN so many elegant prose writers constantly appear in your SENTIMENTAL PAPER, it argues an uncommon share of vanity in SCÆVOLA, to expect a column for his observations "On the Education proper for the Bar." At the same time that he is conscious of the remark, still his earnest endeavours of becoming useful to your readers, may in some measure extenuate the charge.

WHEN we take a view of Law in an abstract form, we are astonished at its grandeur and sublimity. If it is not the actual essence of existence which vivifies and gives life, it is the director of it through all its different channels and ramifications. There must be rules of action to every being which exists, and those which are applicable to man, must be more peculiarly interesting than those which regulate the conduct of other animals. Laws which regulate the actions of men, must apply to them either in society, or in a state of nature. And those which particularly regulate their conduct as members of the society in which they live, may be divided into those which are written and into what are unwritten. The written are what are enacted by the supreme head of a state, for immediate and local convenience. The unwritten are founded on the wise dicta of learned and experienced men, and in memorial usage. And it is to these that the following essays are directed.

The common law is not the product of the wisdom of one man or society of men, in any one age; but of the wisdom, counsel, and observation of many ages of wise and observing men. The fundamental principles continue the same in every age and in every nation: but the method of adapting these principles to a change of customs and manners, will render a difference in the mode, not principle, absolutely necessary.

The common, or unwritten law, takes its rise from the institutions of Edward the Confessor; which were strenuously contended for during the administration of the earlier Norman princes. But they, however, kept their ground, in opposition to the clergy and the imperial institutions. This code, like those of the emperor Justinian, were collected from those of former princes, and were called *Lex Terza*. In the reign of king John, they were drawn up in the form of Magna Charta, which was not a concession of privileges extorted by violence, but the principal grounds of the ancient and fundamental laws of England, and a correction of the defects of the common law.† To destroy it the most daring attempts and innovations have

been made; but it has stood with pyramidal firmness the shock of ages; and has arisen to be, not only the rule of action of the people of Great Britain, but has crossed the Atlantic and become the law of our own country.

A science which has lasted so many ages, and which has received such continued and important acquisitions, must be peculiarly difficult in attaining. And we find in the very early study of it, that it required the viginti annorum lacerationes.

While a constant application to study, supported by an intuitiveness derived from nature, will succeed in almost every capacity, there is no science in whose acquirements they are more to be desired than in law. Legal knowledge is acquired by severe application to that science; but to display those acquisitions to advantage requires the aid of genius. To become really eminent, the superior gifts of nature must be directed by the forcible engines of art; and in proportion as we possess, or as these are exerted, in that same proportion is our eminence displayed.

Genius is one of those rare endowments that we scarcely know which to admire most, the man who derives all his eminence from this source, or him who acquires it by the more certain channel of intense application. Both have their claims to admiration. The one is the electricity of the mind—it strikes instantly—darts through every thing it touches, and we are often astonished at the conceptions of a mind destitute of cultivation. While the other like a slow but determined conflagration, by a course of perseverance and obstinacy surmounts apparently impossibilities themselves.

SCÆVOLA.

(To be continued.)

A FRAGMENT.

—“DESCRIBE now,” said Leander, “describe the lovely Amelia, who is so often the theme of your ingenious praise.”

“Her form,” said Alonzo, “is graceful and pleasing. Her hair, which is always dishevelled by the graces, is of all extremely dark brown. Her eyes are black, beaming at once the mingled rays of sprightliness and innocence. Her countenance is the perfect blending of mildness and energy. Every feature of her face, while it serves to complete the most agreeable symmetry, is animated by the soul of expression. To finish her favourite work, nature, as if determined irresistibly to captivate and subdue the mind of every beholder, by combining in one object all that can excite the warm and tender emotions, has slightly tinged her countenance with a soft, languishing melancholy. He who can behold her, and not more than admire her, is a robber: he has robbed the tyger and the adamant.”

“The beauties of her mind!” said Leander.

“You shall see her,” said Alonzo, “and you will need no description. Her countenance is the image of her mind, her eyes the index.”

* Sir Matthew Hale's Preface.

† Stuar's discourse on the laws of England.

AMELIA:

OR THE FAITHLESS BRITON.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

THE revolutions of government and the subversions of empire, which have swelled the theme of national historians, have, likewise, in every age, furnished anecdote to the biographer, and incident to the novelist. The objects of policy or ambition are generally, indeed, accomplished at the expence of private ease and prosperity; while the triumph of arms, like the funeral festivity of a savage tribe, serves to announce some recent calamity—the waste of property, or the fall of families.

Thus the great events of the late war, which produced the separation of the British empire, and established the sovereignty of America, were chequered with scenes of private sorrow, and the success of the contending forces was alternately fatal to the peace and order of domestic life. The lamentations of the widow and orphan, mingled with the song of victory; and the sable mantle with which the hand of friendship clothed the bier of the gallant Montgomery, cast a momentary gloom upon the trophies his valour had achieved.

Though the following tale then, does not exhibit the terrible magnificence of warlike operations, or scrutinize the principles of national politics, it recites an episode that too frequently occurs in the military drama, and contains a history of female affliction, that claims, from its authenticity, at least, an interest in the feeling heart.

HORATIO BLYFIELD was a respectable inhabitant of the state of New-York. Success had rewarded his industry in trade with an ample fortune: and his mind, uncontaminated by envy and ambition, freely indulged itself in the delicious enjoyments of the father and the friend. In the former character he superintended the education of a son and a daughter, left to his sole care by the death of their excellent mother; and in the latter, his benevolence and council were uniformly exercised for the relief of the distressed, and the information of the illiterate.

His mercantile intercourse with Great Britain afforded an early opportunity of observing the disposition of that kingdom with respect to her colonies; and his knowledge of the habits, tempers and opinions of the American citizens, furnished him with a painful anticipation of anarchy and war. The texture of his mind, indeed, was naturally calm and passive, and the ordinary effects of a life of sixty years duration, had totally eradicated all those passions which rouse men to opposition, and qualify them for enterprize. When, therefore, the gauntlet was thrown upon the theatre of the new world, and the spirit of discord began to rage, Horatio, like the Roman Atticus, withdrew from public clamor, to a sequestered cottage, in the interior district of Long Island; and consecrated the youthful ardour of his son, Honorius, to the service of his country, the fair Amelia was the only companion of his retreat.

Amelia had then attained her seventeenth year. The delicacy of her form was in unison with the mildness of

her aspect, and the exquisite harmony of her soul, was responsive to the symmetry of her person. The pride of parental attachment had graced her with every accomplishment that depends upon tuition; and it was the singular fortune of Amelia, to be at once the admiration of our sex, and the favorite of her own. From such a daughter, Horatio could not but receive every solace of which his generous feelings were susceptible in a season of natural calamity; but the din of arms, that frequently interrupted the silence of the neighbouring forests, and the disastrous intelligence which his son occasionally transmitted from the standard of the union, superseded the cheerful avocations of the day, and dispelled the peaceful slumbers of the night.

After a retirement of many months, on a morning fatal to the happiness of Horatio's family, the sound of artillery announced a battle, and the horsemen who were observed galloping across the grounds, proved that the scene of action could not be remote. As soon, therefore, as the tumult of hostility had subsided, Horatio advanced with his domestics, to administer comfort and assistance to the wounded, and to provide a decent interment for the mangled victims of the conflict. In traversing the deadly field, he perceived an officer, whose exhausted strength just served for the articulation of a groan, and his attention was immediately directed to the preservation of this interesting object, who alone, of the number that had fallen, yielded a hope that his compassionate exertions might be crowned with success. Having bathed and bound up his wounds, the youthful soldier was borne to the cottage; where in a short time, a stronger pulse, and a freer respiration, afforded a flattering presage of returning life.

Amelia who had anxiously waited the arrival of her father, beheld with a mixed sensation of horror and pity, the spectacle which now accompanied him. She had never before seen the semblance of death, which therefore afflicted her with all the terrors of imagination; and, notwithstanding the pallid countenance of the wounded guest, he possessed an elegance of person, which, according to the natural operations of female sensibility, added something, perhaps, to her commiseration for his misfortunes. When, however, these first impressions had passed away, the tenderness of her nature expressed itself in the most assiduous actions for his ease and accommodation, and the encreasing symptoms of his recovery, filled her mind with joy and exultation.

The day succeeding that on which he was introduced to the family of Horatio, his servant, who had made an ineffectual search for his body among the slain, arrived at the cottage, and discovered him to be *Doliscus*, the only son and heir of a noble family in England.

When Doliscus had recovered from the senseless state to which he had been reduced (chiefly, indeed, by the great effusion of blood) the first exercise of his faculties was the acknowledgment of obligations, and the profession of gratitude to Horatio, he spoke in terms of reverence and respect; and to Amelia in the more animated language of admiration, which melted at length, into the gentle tone of

flattery and love. But Doliscus had been reared in the school of dissipation! and, with all the qualifications which allure and captivate the female heart, he had learned to consider virtue only as an obstacle to pleasure, and and beauty merely as an incentive to the gratification of passion. His experience soon enabled him to discover something in the solicitude of the artless Amelia beyond the dictates of compassion and hospitality; and, even before his wounds were closed, he conceived the infamous project of violating the purity and tranquility of a family, to which he was indebted for the prolongation of his existence, and the restoration of his health. From that very innocence, however, which betrayed her feelings, while she was herself ignorant of their source, he anticipated the extremest difficulty and danger. To improve the evident predilection of her mind into a fixed and ardent attachment required not, indeed a very strenuous display of his talents and address; but the sacrifice of her honor (which an insurmountable antipathy to the matrimonial engagements made necessary to the accomplishment of his purpose) was a task that he justly foresaw, could be only executed by the detestable agency of perfidy and fraud. With these views then, he readily accepted the solicitations of his unsuspecting host, and even contrived to protract his cure, in order to furnish a plea for his continuance at the cottage.

Amelia, when, at length, the apprehensions for his safety were removed, employed all the charms of music and conversation to dissipate the languor, which his indisposition had produced, and to prevent the melancholy, with which retirement is apt to effect a disposition accustomed to the gay and busy transactions of the world. She experienced an unusual pleasure, indeed, in the charge of these benevolent offices; for, in the company of Doliscus she insensibly forgot the anxiety she was wont to feel for the fate of her absent brother, and the sympathy which he had had extended to all the sufferers of the war, was now monopolized by a single object. Horatio's attachment to the solitude of his library, afforded frequent opportunities for this insatiable intercourse, which the designing Doliscus gradually diverted from general to particular topics—from observations upon public manners and events, to insinuations of personal esteem and partiality. Amelia was incapable of deceit, and unacquainted with suspicion. The energy, but, at the same time, the respect, with which Doliscus addressed her, was grateful to her feelings, his rank and fortune entitled him to a consideration, and the inestimable favors that had been conferred upon him, offered a spacious security for his truth and fidelity. The acknowledgement of reciprocal regard was, therefore an easy acquisition, and Doliscus triumphed in the modest, but explicit avowal, before Amelia was apprised of its importance and extent. From that moment, however, he assumed a pensive and dejected carriage. He occasionally affected a slant from the terrors of a deep reverie; and the vivacity of his temper, which had never yielded to the anguish of his wounds, seemed suddenly to have expired under the weight of secret and intolerable affliction. Amelia, distressed and astonished, im-

plored an explanation of so mysterious a change in his deportment; but his reiterated sighs, which were, for a while the only answers she received, tended equally to increase her curiosity and her sorrow.

At length he undertook to disclose the source of his pretended wretchedness; and, having prefaced the hypocritical tale with the most solemn protestations of his love and constancy, he told the trembling Amelia that, were it even possible to disengage himself from an alliance which had been early contracted for him with a noble heiress of London, still the pride of family, and the spirit of loyalty, which governed his father's actions, would oppose a union unaccompanied by the accumulation of dignity, and formed with one whose connections were zealous in the arduous resistance to the authority of Britain. "While he lives" added Doliscus, "it is not in my power to chuse the means of happiness—and yet, as the time approaches when it will be inconsistent with the duty and honor of a soldier to enjoy any longer the society of Amelia, how can I reflect upon my situation without anguish and despair!" The delicate frame of Amelia was agitated with the sensations which this picture had excited; and for the first time, she became acquainted with the force of love, and the dread of separation from its object. Doliscus traced the sentiments of her heart in the silent, but certain indications of her countenance, and when tears had melted the violence of her first emotion into a soft and sympathetic grief, the treacherous suitor thus prosecuted his scheme against her peace and innocence.— "But it is impossible to resolve upon perpetual misery! one thing may yet be done to change the scene without incurring a father's resentment and reproach:—can my Amelia consent to sacrifice a sentiment of delicacy, to ensure a life of happiness?" Her complexion brightened, and her eye inquisitively turned towards him. "The parade of public marriage" he continued "neither adds strength or energy to the obligation; for, form is the superfluous offspring of fashion, not the result of reason. The poor peasant whose nuptial contract is only bellowed by the hollowed minister that pronounces it, is as blest as the prince who weds in all the austentation of a court, and furnishes an additional festival to a giddy nation. My Amelia has surely no vanity to gratify with idle pageantry; and as the vivacity of the marriage does not take from its sanctity, I will venture to propose—nay, look not with severity—at the neighbouring farm we may be met by the chaplain of my regiment, and love and honour shall record a union, which prudence fetters with a temporary security."

(To be continued.)

M A X I M.

IN all the affairs of human life, we should take care not to hurt our mind, or offend our judgment; and this rule, if cautiously observed in our deportment, will be a mighty security to us in all our undertakings, and prevent us from being injured by folly, or aggrieved by impetuosity.

VIRTUE,

IS the universal charm: even its shadow is courted, when the substance is wanting.—It must be formed and supported, not by unfrequent acts, but by daily and repeated exertions, in order to its becoming vigorous and useful.—Great events give scope for great virtues; but the main tenor of human life is composed of small occurrences.—Within the round of these, lie the materials of the happiness of most men; the subjects of their duty, and the trials of their virtue.

Whatever is to be our profession, no education is more necessary to success, than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits.—This is the universal preparation for every character, and every station in life.—Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue.—In the usual course of human affairs, it will be found that a plain understanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity than the brightest parts without probity or honour.

Whether science, or business, or public life, be our aim, virtue still enters, for a principle share, into all those great departments of society.

It is connected with eminence, in every liberal art;—with reputation, in every branch of fair and useful business;—with distinction, in every public station. The vigour which it gives to the mind, and the weight which it adds to the character;—the generous sentiment which it breathes;—the undaunted spirit which it inspires;—the ardour of diligence which it quickens;—the freedom which it procures from pernicious and dishonourable avocations, are the foundation of all that is high in fame, or great in success among men.

Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments we possess, virtue is a necessary requisite in order to their shining with proper lustre.—By whatever arts we may at first attract the attention, we can hold the esteem, and secure the hearts of others, only by amiable dispositions, and the accomplishments of the mind.—These are the qualities whose influence will last, when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.

VOLUPTUARY.

THE corrupted temper, and the guilty passions of the bad, frustrate the effect of every advantage which the world confers on them.—The world may call them men of pleasure; but of all men they are the greatest foes to pleasure: from their eagerness to grasp, they strangle and destroy it.—riotous indulgence enervates both the body and the mind: so that in the midst of his studied refinement the voluptuary languishes.

Wherever guilt mingles with prosperity, a certain gloom and heaviness enter along with it. Vicious intrigues never fail to entangle, and embarrass those who engage in them;—besides, the selfish gratifications of the bad are both narrow in their circle, and short in their duration.

SCARCE ARTICLES.

THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES BEAR A VERY HIGH VALUE
ON ACCOUNT OF THEIR SCARCITY AT PRE-
SENT IN THIS COUNTRY.

SINCERITY—in patriotism.

Honor—among attorneys.

Friendship—without interest.

Love—without deceit.

Charity—without ostentation.

Fair Play—among gamblers.

Beauty—without pride.

An Advocate—without a fee.

A Fashionable Man—without foppery.

A Fashionable Woman—without paint.

A Sanctified Look—without hypocrisy.

A Prude—without incontinence.

A Blustering Man—without cowardice.

Opposition—without a sinister view.

Administration—inattentive to private interest.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On the 5th ult. in the vicinity of Camden, (S. C.) Mr. JOHN FLINN, aged 87, to Mrs. DORCAS MINTON, a young widow.

On Tuesday Evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Milledolor, Mr. JACOB BOLMER, to Miss DEBORAH COLES, both of this city.

On Friday the 14th ult. RICHARD L. BEERMAN, of this city, to the amiable Miss TINY VAN BEUREN, of New-Jersey.

DIED,

Yesterday morning, after a short illness, in the 50th year of his age, WILLIAM SHERIFF, nurseryman, near this city. His skill and assiduity in his business are well known, and have been rewarded by an honourable competence.

EPIGRAM

ON MISS U——.

I SAID I lov'd, and you believ'd,
Yet trust me, we were both deceiv'd;
Though all I said was true:
I lov'd one generous, good, and kind,
A form created in my mind,
And thought that form was you.

EPITAPH

FROM A BURYING GROUND IN NEW-HAVEN.

HERE lie I,
And yet I lie,
For I am lying up on High.

For the SENTIMENTAL and LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VERSES

ON A LADY'S HAND.

SEE fair Sophia's hand the eye attracts,
White as the snow upon the mountain rocks;
Fine as her taper fingers flow my strains,
Soft as her hand, and shining as her veins,
Turn'd as her wrist the lines, and smooth as silk,
Feel like her palm, where roses swim in milk:
These o'er my verse a warmer shadow shed,
And tip her fingers with a painted red;
Thro' the blue veins in riper moisture flow,
And seem to melt with heat the neighboring snow;
The neighboring snow dissolv'd in roses blends,
And with carnation decks her fingers' ends:
Between the leaves the flakes of snow look bright,
And daisy-like are dash'd with red and white;
Think with what lustre on her lap it lay,
And o'er her apron drew the milky way:
Coarse look'd the tambrick to a hand so fine,
And shades of lawn are net-work to her skin:
On her fair fingers brilliant diamonds glow,
And burn like *Ætna*, between hills of snow!

D.

For the SENTIMENTAL and LITERARY MAGAZINE.

OBSERVATIONS

ON A SUMMER'S EVENING.

ALL nature, weary with the Summer's heat,
Eagerly seeks some shady, cool retreat;
Myself with torpid soul will devious move,
And take the shelter of the leafy grove;
The numerous beauties which I there descry
Revive my languor and enchant my eye:
The meads so cheerful, with the verdant banks,
Excite attention and demand my thanks;
The gentle zephyrs play a gentle breeze,
While *Phœbus* glimmers thro' the lofty trees;
The plump warblers wide distend their throats,
To sweetly sound their ever-pleasing notes;
Such various charms I in this prospect find,
They each combine to rouse my sleeping mind.

But now another scene attracts my sight,
Tho' widely different, yields as much delight:
To see resplendent *Sol* retire to rest,
The clouds are gild to accept their noble guest:
As yet he still exerts his genial hues,
And sheds refulgency o'er distant views;
But weak'ning by degrees, and gone his course,
Those emanations cease, they lose their force:
Gradually sinking, tho' his fire is fled,
He glides majestic in th' ætherial bed.
Now *Dian* hail!—Of fable night the queen;
She too shades meadows, beautious to be seen;

Sole mistress of the sky—with passive sway
Commands tranquility—and all obey!
Then comes sweet sleep, to pass the hours away,
Till morning utters in another day.
Howe'er the hours may seem, they're rapid flown;
And thus time flies, nor stops to favor one.

J. C.

For the SENTIMENTAL and LITERARY MAGAZINE.

LOVE AND FANCY.

LOVE'S an immortal God they say,
And I believe 'tis true,
For if to him you homage pay
The conquest he'll pursue.

But why should love then be profan'd,
Since 'tis a noble grace;
Why should his sacred name be stain'd
With any thing that's base?

'Tis fancy that is now call'd love
Where folly rules the brain;
And when our beaus their love would prove,
'Tis passion holds the rein.

I love, I like, the vainly cry;
But fancy is the spring,
And if their love you would but try
'Tis all a paltry thing.

Fancy and love are different things,
As our experience show,
For every day example brings
How differently they grow.

'Tis fancy only, in they vain
And waten, now we find;
But love's the surest way to gain
The sentimental mind.

W. V.

New-York, August 4, 1797.

EPITAPH

ON AN EMINENT TALLOW CHANDLER.

HERE lies NED SWALLOW, honest fellow,
Who died by fat, and liv'd by tallow,
His light before men always shone,
His mould is underneath this stone;
Then taking things by the right handle,
Is not this life a farthing candle?
The longest age but a watch taper,
A torch blown out by every vapour;
If this be true, then worthy Ned
Is a wax-light among the dead;
Then what is mortal life? Why, tush,
This mortal life's nought but a rush.

NEW-YORK: Printed (Weekly) by JOHN TIEBOUT, No. 358, Pearl-Street, for THOMAS BURLING, JUN. & CO.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for this MAGAZINE (at Three dollars per annum) are taken in at the Printing-Office:

and at the Book-Store of Mr. J. FELLOWS, Pine-Street.